MOSAIC POETRY.

only know she came and went, — *Lowell.*
Like troutlets in a pool; — *Hood.*
She was a phantom of delight, — *Wordsworth.*
And I was like a fool. — *Eastman.*

"One kiss, dear maid," I said and sighed, — *Coleridge.*
"Out of those lips unshorn," — *Longfellow.*
She shook her ringlets round her head, — *Stoddard.*
And laughed in merry scorn. — *Tennyson.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky! — *Tennyson.*
Yes, hear them, oh my heart! — *Alice Carey.*
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock, — *Coleridge.*
Beloved, we must part! — *Alice Carey.*

"Come back! come back!" she cried in grief, — *Campbell.*
"My eyes are dim with tears— — *Bayard Taylor.*
How shall I live through all the days, — *Mrs. Osgood.*
All through a hundred years?" — *T. S. Perry.*

'Twas in the prime of summer time, — *Hood.*
She blest me with her hand; — *Hoyt.*
We strayed together, deeply blest, — *Mrs. Edwards.*
Into the Dreaming land. — *Cornwall.*

The laughing bridal roses blow, — *Patmore.*
To dress her dark brown hair; — *Bayard Taylor.*
No maiden may with her compare, — *Brailsford.*
Most beautiful, most rare! — *Read.*

I clasped it on her sweet cold hand, — *Browning.*
The precious golden link; — *Smith.*
I calmed her fears, and she was calm, — *Coleridge.*
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" — *Wordsworth.*

And so I won my Genevieve, — *Coleridge.*
And walked in paradise; — *Hervey.*
The fairest thing that ever grew — *Wordsworth.*
Atween me and the skies. — *Osgood.*

ANTICIPATED INVENTIONS.

Scarcely any important invention starts at once into being; usually, it has had a long period of preparation, by men who reaped no profit from their labors. The world considers the inventor to be the person who gives the capital touch which imparts practical value to an original idea, whether or not he himself reap any portion of that value, and whether or not he be really more clever than the preliminary inventors who cleared the path for him. Dr. Johnson, looking out of his window in Boltcourt one evening, saw a lamplighter much troubled to light a lamp; he did not succeed until there was a good deal of black vapor over the wick; whereupon the great lexicographer said, "Ah! one of these days we shall see the streets of London lighted by smoke." Was not the real idea of gas-lighting in Johnson's mind at that moment? And yet we do not call him an inventor. Long before Johnson's time, Dr. Clayton, about 1660, distilled coal in a retort, producing what is called "phlegm, black-oil, and spirit"; this spirit was gas, which he confined in a bladder because he could not condense it into a liquid. He was wont to amuse his friends with burning this gas as it issued from the bladder through holes pricked with a pin. This was a century and a half before streets were lighted by gas.

The Marquis of Worcester's Century of Inventions is a well-known repertory of new and strange curiosities. He wrote this book in the time of Charles the Second, and adopted the name "Century" because there are a hundred projects described. Or rather, the projects are asserted, for none of them are so clearly detailed as to enable an artisan to work from them. The range of subjects is something amazing. Ships to resist any explosive projectiles, and boats to work against wind and tide, might be taken to prefigure our iron-clads and steamboats. Large cannon to be shot six times in a minute, and a pistol to discharge a dozen times with one loading, certainly seem very much indeed like revolvers. A brass mould to cast candles, is a verbally exact description of the means now used in making mould-candles, with the simple substitution of pewter for brass. A machine for dredging harbors, and a machine for raising ships for repair, are assuredly among the ways and means of modern hydraulic engineering. An apparatus for lighting its own lamp or candle at any predetermined hour of the day or night, was recently displayed in the Metropolis, at one of the Working-Men's Exhibitions; whether the ingenious fellow who made it had read the Marquis of Worcester, we do not know. A calculating machine for performing addition and substraction was made a hundred and fifty years after the Marquis talked about it in his book. A key that will fasten all the drawers in a cabinet with one locking, exactly achieves what Mr. Sopwith achieves with his Monocleid cabinet. New chemical inks for secret writing; new apparatus for semaphores or signaling; explosive projectiles to sink ships; an instrument for teaching perspective; a method of fixing shifting sands on the sea-shore; a cross-bow to shoot off two arrows at once; flying machines; an endless watch, to go without winding up; these are among the various novelties mentioned. It is difficult to decide how far the Marquis had really worked out any of these contrivances, either in his own mind or on paper; that he did not always advance so far as working models may be safely supposed. Nevertheless, he is believed to have made a model of something which we in our days would call a steam-engine; and he is known to have had a German artisan, Casper Kaltoff, in his employ, as model-maker and machinist. The visitor at Raglan Castle, in Monmouthshire, is told of an ingenious mechanical contrivance with which the Marquis (who was lord of the castle in the times of the Civil War) contrived to baffle the Roundheads and befriend the Royalists on a critical occasion.

The beautiful art of photography is not so modern, in its leading principles, as most of us are in the habit of supposing. It was known nearly a hundred years ago that certain chemical substances are blackened, or at least darkened, by exposure to light. Scheele discovered this fact in relation to chloride of silver, and Ritter to nitrate of silver. Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and Mr. Wedgwood, actually obtained photographs in 1802, by taking advantage of this scientific discovery. A camera obscura was provided, through the lens of which the sun's light was admitted; the light was focalized on a small sheet of glass, painted with a colored device or picture; and then it fell upon a sheet of paper rendered sensitive by nitrate of silver. It was found that, according to the depth of color through which the light passed, so did the paper become more or less darkened; reproducing the picture, not in colors, but with due gradiations of light and shade. In this way, photographs (as we should now call them) were produced of patterns, figures, woody fibres of plants, wings of insects, and delicate designs of lace. But the affair died out, and was not revivified for a long series of years, owing to the fact that no *fixing* process had then been discovered. The photographs darkened and darkened, day by day, until no picture of any kind was left. Those clever men did three-fourths of the work nearly seventy years ago; but they failed to hit the remaining fourth; therefore they are not honored as the discoverers of photography.

Not the least noteworthy of these instances is that which relates to the electric telegraph. The Jesuit Strada, in 1617, speculated on the possibility that there might, some day, be found a species of loadstone or magnet possessing much more wonderful properties than those long known. He supposed it to have such virtues, "that if two needles be touched with it, and then balanced on separate pivots, and the one be turned in a particular direction, the other will move sympathetically with it." If, then, two persons were possessed of two such magnetic needles, and settled upon a pre-arranged code, they might talk at any distance. He merely imagined such a stone, but did not venture to predict that it would ever be found. The same idea was developed somewhat more fully by Henry Van Etten, in 1660, very likely after reading Strada: "Some say that by means of a magnet, or such like stone, persons who are distant from each other may converse together. For example, Claude being in Paris, and John at Rome, if each had a needle touched by a stone of such virtue, that as one moved itself at Paris, the other should be moved at Rome; then let Claude and John have a similar alphabet, and agree to speak every day at six o'clock in the evening. Let the needle make three turns and a half, to signal that it was Claude, and no other, who wishes to speak with John. Claude wants to signify, 'Le roi est a Paris,' and makes his needle stop at *L*, then at *e*, then at *r*, *o*, *i*, and so of the rest. Now, at the same time, the needle of John, agreeing with that of Claude, will go on moving, and stop at the same letters; so that he can easily understand or notice what the other would signify to him." Van Etten gave a diagram, showing the dial, needle, pivot, alphabet, &c., for working out the idea. He was very candid and honest, however, for he added: "It is a fine invention; but I do not think there is a magnet in the world which has such virtue." And he implied a danger: "Besides, it is inexpedient, for treasons would be too frequent, and too much protected." A pleasant paper in the *Spectator* gave a new turn to this idea, pointing out how two lovers could carry on a sentimental conversation whenever cruel distance separated them. Each lover must have a dial, with the requisite magnet, and all the letters of the alphabet; but, besides these letters, it should have "several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as flames, darts, die, language, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, being, dear, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in the way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and insignificant word with a simple touch of the needle." Those who have witnessed the action of Wheatstone's dial telegraph will perceive how closely this odd conceit of the writers of former days approximates to the actual results of scientific invention; for there are not only the letters of the alphabet around the dial, but there are also single signs to denote complete words. The cardinal point of difference is this: that the predictors imagined some kind of occult mystical connection between the two dials; whereas, in the practical telegraph, there is a copper wire, with or without an enveloping cable, extending from one end to the other, be the distance ten yards or ten thousand miles. It was in 1745, so far as known, that a wire was first made to convey an electric impulse to a considerable distance. Dr. Watson stretched a wire across the Thames near Westminster bridge, and sent an impulse through it from one observer to another; it was, however, merely a shock; not a signal to be interrupted or discriminated. The first *talking* through a wire appears to have been effected in 1787, when M. Lamond, a French electrician, arranged two electrical machines in two rooms of his house, with a wire connecting them. He agreed with Madam Lamond that the peculiar movements of the two little pith balls, excited by an electric current, should denote certain letters or words; and thus a conversation was carried on by working the two electrical machines in turn.

Defoe threw off many thoughts which read very much like anticipations of the London University, the Foundling Hospital, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Metropolitan Police. But these are not so much inventions as establishments. In the same light, perhaps, may be regarded John Hill's scheme for a penny post, broached in 1659. Jasper, a Westphalian peasant, may be said to have predicted or imagined railways and locomotives at a date when he certainly never saw such things in Germany, and when we were only just beginning to think about them in England. In 1830 he wrote: "A great road will be carried through our country from east to west, which will pass through the forest of Bodelschwing. On this road, carriages will run without horses, and cause a dreadful noise." There was Van Etten, already mentioned, who put forth schemes bearing a remarkable resemblance to real inventions of later date—such as the air-gun, the steam-gun, the hydraulic press, and raised letters for the use of the blind. The differential thermometer, quite a modern invention as to actual construction, was very correctly prefigured by the Jesuit Lana in 1675. Daniel Schwenten, who wrote a thick quarto volume of descriptions in 1636, may assuredly be credited with a kind of pre-invention of the centrifugal pump, the diving-bell, and the diving-dress. Defoe's Captain Singleton, in his imaginary journey in Africa, sketches a central lake which bears a strong resemblance to one of those which Grant, Speke, Baker, Burton, and Livingstone have been exploring during the last few years. But this, if worth nothing at all, was a pre-discovery, not a pre-invention; and it is surmised that some Jesuit had previously marked down some such lake on a map, either as a mental creation or as the result of investigation.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.—Sir Philip Sydney.

"NEVER MIND THE HAT, MY BOY."

General Sheridan was idly sauntering up and down the lobby of the Windsor Hotel, deep in thought, and complacently puffing his Havana, and blowing the white smoke into pretty little rings. Suddenly a rough-looking man, with face so heavily bearded that one could see nothing but the twinkling little black eyes, approached him, and, raising his hat with awkward embarrassment, said:

"Good morning, General."

The hero of Winchester returned the greeting, touched his cap with a military politeness, and then, trying to peer through the miner's heavy beard to get a glimpse of his features, the General said:

"I'm afraid I've forgotten your face, sir."

The eyes of the man from Gunnison twinkled brighter than ever as he remarked:

"It's not unlikely, General; seein's we never met but once afore, you wouldn't be so apt to remember me as I am you. It's seventeen years since I saw you last. Things has changed since then. It was on the battle-field of Cedar Creek. Don't you remember the soldier that gave you his horse when yours was shot from under you by a shower of canister from the masked batteries on the brow of the hill?" and the old man looked up with eager pride into the General's face.

"That I do," answered the General, with pleased interest and a brighter flash in his eye; "I remember it well."

"I was that soldier," continued the miner, proudly. "I remember the circumstance very well, sir. When you put spurs to my horse and galloped off you left your hat behind you. I called to you as loud as I could, but you replied, 'Never mind the hat, my boy.' I've got that hat yet, General. It's hanging in my cabin in the mountains," and the rough fellow's eyes glowed with pleasure.

Sheridan grasped his hand and led him to a seat, and for half an hour they fought the battle of Cedar Creek over again.—*Denver Tribune.*

OUR LITTLE NAVY.

The subject of our navy has began again to be agitated. These agitations are always spasmodic, so they amount to nothing, dying in their own socket without having accomplished anything, their life being too brief. The latest is in the language of the New York *Sun*, which expresses itself on the question:

"The Navy Register for July 1, 1881, which has made its appearance during the present week, confirms in a remarkable way that public impression whose existence Ancient Mariner Thompson recognized when he officially protested that 'we have not a top-heavy navy.'

"We find on the list a total of forty cruisers in commission, two of these being first rates, and nine second rates, while the remainder are of the third and fourth rates, and some are under sails only. To these may be added seventeen vessels, comprising receiving ships, store ships, rams and tugs, and finally five iron-clads, the Ajax, Catskill, Lehigh, Mahopac, and Manhattan, laid up at City Point, though in commission.

"To handle these vessels and to perform the related duties, useful and ornamental, we find on the active list alone an admiral, a vice-admiral, twelve rear admirals, twenty-five commodores, fifty captains, ninety commanders, eighty lieutenant-commanders, and 280 lieutenants, not to speak of one hundred masters, one hundred ensigns, eighty-two midshipmen, and 130 cadet midshipmen, all pressing upward to fill any chance vacancy overhead.

"This, however, is only the line. We must not, of course, omit the staff, beginning at the medical corps, with its fifteen directors, fifteen inspectors, fifty surgeons, seventy-nine passed assistant surgeons. Then comes the pay corps, with its thirteen directors, twelve inspectors, forty-eight paymasters, twenty-nine passed assistant paymasters, and nineteen assistant paymasters. The engineer corps follows, boasting no fewer than seventy chief engineers, besides one hundred passed assistant engineers, thirty-five assistant engineers, and seventy-three cadet engineers. To these must be added twenty-four chaplains, twelve professors of mathematics, eleven naval constructors, five assistant naval constructors, and ten civil engineers.

"Passing the boatswains, gunners, carpenters, sailmakers, and mates, we find 142 more cadet midshipmen, and seventy-nine more cadet engineers at Annapolis. What the retired and reserved list would add may be imagined from the fact that it contains thirty-six rear admirals. The marine corps contributes seventy-seven officers, between the ranks of colonel and lieutenant, on the active list.

"Mr. Thompson always held that there were not too many officers for the ships, but too few ships for the officers. Judge Hunt is evidently inclined to this same ingenious view; and he hopes, through the recommendations of Admiral Rodger's board, to induce Congress to build a few more vessels to supply the urgent needs of the commanders who have nothing to command."

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty. It is a blessing to be earned before it can be enjoyed.—Tilton.

SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1881.

J. S. SLATER.

A day of fasting and of prayer.
A day of sorrow everywhere.
A day of gloom whose darkness spread
Above a people's bended head,
O'ershadows hearts surcharged with woe
Because of that assassin blow
Which fifty million mourners feel—
Which made a mighty nation reel
Like stricken form beneath the shock
Of mighty earthquake. Thou, our Rock!
To Thee we flee. Steadfast and strong
Grant, God, our Chieftain's life prolong.
Lead him by certain steps and sure
Along life's path to perfect cure.
Well hath he served Thee in the past,
And now, though skies be overcast,
He holds to Thee. He is Thine own,
And ours as well. A nation's moan
Is lifted up that he may live;
Thou hast the gift of life, then give
To him this boon and lift him up.
Take from our lips the bitter cup
We e'en must quaff while yet he lies
Beyond all mortal skill's emprise.
Hear, Lord, and answer; then shall be
All glory, praise, ascribed to Thee.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

A Chicago journalist is an intimate friend of a Chicago millionaire. In a recent confidential conversation occurred the following narrative, as reproduced in the Chicago *Inter Ocean:*

After sitting in reflective silence for a few moments, Mr. Blank said suddenly: "I've a notion to tell you my story. It is so singular that it may be incredible, and it is certainly not an experience one would think I had gone through."

The reporter expressed a desire to hear the story.

"I will tell you, upon condition that you will never mention my name in connection with it."

The promise of secrecy was readily given.

"I do not propose," said Mr. Blank, as he puffed leisurely a fragrant cigar, "to be so specific that I will worry you. All you want to know is the general circumstances, of course. Well, I came from Devonshire nearly thirty years ago, landing in New York, at about the age of twenty-five, with my wife, a few pounds in my pocket, and a stout heart. I had come to seek my fortune like many young men before me who found their native land unkind in care of them. Almost upon my arrival I was taken sick, and before I had secured any employment a fever seized me, and when weeks afterward I came back to life my money was gone and we were in debt for rent. My poor wife had made a few dimes here and there doing cheap sewing, but the little she could do was not enough, and much before I was able I arose from my bed to seek for work. Those were sorry days for us, I can tell you. Up and down the streets I wandered, asking every place for work; but I was weak and emaciated, and no one cared to give me employment. I was not worth it, really, and so I went on for two weeks, my health scarcely improving; my case becoming more and more desperate every day, utterly exhausted and djscouraged, feeling miserable and sick, ready to die but for my wife, I sank down upon a box that stood against a lamp-post on Broadway. I took my hat off that the breeze might cool my burning head, and I guess that I so fell asleep. Anyway, when I became conscious of where I was and felt somewhat rested, I arose to put on my hat, when some small coins rolled out upon the sidewalk. My heart throbbed as though a miracle had been performed. I picked these up, and found others in my hat. Altogether I had nearly $1. There was a good supper for my wife and me, and I had besides got an idea. I said to myself, I was perfectly willing to work for a little money and no one would employ me; now since people are willing to give me money without work I will accept it that way, and I did. Every day after that I slouched down at a corner on some public thoroughfare and held out my hat. I asked no one for alms, but just sat there with my hat out. As fast as any money was dropped in I transferred it to my pockets. The first day I took in $2.50, and from that time my earnings were never less, and they have run as high as $25 in a day. I took to all sorts of tricks to look miserable and played upon the public, though I was soon as well and vigorous as the best who came along. Well, sir, I kept this business up six years, and at the end of that time I had actually taken in a little over $30,000, of which I had $20,000 in bank, a little in many banks. I then had two children, and we lived comfortably. When I found I had $20,000 I concluded to invest it. I did. I bought stocks, and after quietly speculating two years I had made $227,000, and concluded to give up my old life and become a gentleman again. I came West. I bought land in this vicinity. In a short time that land more than ever made me a rich man, and to-day I am worth not a penny less than $800,000. That, sir, all came from a beggar's hat in the streets of New York. Strange story! I think so myself. Really, it now seems to me that all this was a dream. It does not seem real."

Mr. Blank lighted his cigar, leaned comfortably back in his chair and remarked: "Never despise a begger. You can't tell how rich he may be."

The journalist went his way that afternoon wondering much, envious of the mendicant at the corner, and inclined to turn beggar himself.

It is hoped that this story will not induce many to turn street beggars.

JOHN DENNIS AND GENERAL FLOYD.

Early in the late civil war, John Dennis, a full negro, believing himself fired with patriotic zeal, and able to serve his country, besought his master, a Georgian, and obtained permission to accompany a regiment from that State, which was soon placed under the command of General Floyd. The history of that command is well known. On the retreat John became homesick, and was allowed to depart. He had become well known to General Floyd and all his command. On his departure he went to take leave of the general, when the following dialogue was had:

General Floyd: "Well, John, you are going to leave us, eh?"

John: "Yes, Mars Floyd; it 'pears like I could do more good at home now dan bein' here; so I thought I'd go home and 'courage up our people to hold on."

General F: "That's right, John. But are you going to tell 'em that you left us when running from the Yankees?"

John: "No, sir; no, Mars Floyd, dat I ain't. You may 'pen upon my not tellin nothin to 'moralize dem people."

General F: "But how will you get around telling them John?"

John: "Easy enough, Mars Floyd. It won't do to 'moralize dem people. I'm goin' to tell 'em dis—dat when I left de army it was in first-rate sperrits, and dat, owin' to de situation of de country and de way de land lay, we was a-advancin' back'ards, and de Yankees was a-retreatin' on to us."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A NICE LITTLE PLUM.

Many persons expressed surprise when they heard lately that General Grant had paid $96,000 for a house up-town, because they had supposed him to be comparatively poor. Those in position to know say that he is worth from $600,000 to $700,000, and that he will soon be worth three or four times as much.—*N. Y. Times.*

Never bind up a head before it is broken, or comfort a conscience that makes no confession.

TOO MANY GENERALS.

The last official census of the population of Venezuela returns no less than 32,222 generals. Some of them are stated to be on active service, others in the reserve. The present President, General Guzman Blanco, has created 8,000 of them. The army itself is not so numerous as are its generals. A letter of August 7, from Venezuela to the New York *Times*, says that Blanco, disgusted with these facts getting abroad, abolished the rank of "general," except for himself as commander-in-chief of the army.